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VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1903. NUMBER 21

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903. NUMBER 21

F. Marion Crawford is one of the recent noted "converts to Catholicism." He enjoyed the personal intimacy of Leo XIII, and it is said that he was commissioned to be the biographer of the great Pope, and that the work is wanting only the completing chapter, now made possible.

The Chicago correspondent of the *Literary World* says that "The Souls of Black Folk," by Du Bois, has gone into a second edition; that "That Printer of Udell's" is "destined to settle down to a steady sale"; that Charles G. D. Roberts' "Kindred of the World" and the new edition of "Earth's Enigmas" are to sell better as the weather gets warmer.

In these pedagogical days of conferences and summer schools the words of Ruskin cannot be too often insisted upon, viz., that education should be a beatitude; that unless what is learned of science, history and theology brings an added delight to the lives of men, lower creatures and plants and the higher divine life from which these are born, they have been learned in vain. It is better not to know anything than to know it wrongly.

"The True Abraham Lincoln," by William Ellery Curtis, is one more book on this ever new subject, of which the *Literary World* says, "One is glad to find in one volume so much of the facts and circumstances of Lincoln's career that he feels repaid for his time. Certainly the book's existence is justified." Certainly it must be a very poor handling of a great subject that makes any book on this subject other than justifiable.

Out of the $10,306,407 given to library purposes during the last fiscal year, as reported to the American Library Association, $6,679,000 was given by Andrew Carnegie for building. This man's total gifts to libraries now amount to upwards of forty-four million dollars. Surely this planting must bear fruit further on. Carnegie is not only teaching the coming generation how to use books, but it is to be hoped he is teaching coming capitalists that money is only good when it is used, and that he who makes it to keep it will find it harder and harder to avoid the suspicion that he is either a fool or a knave.

"The Message to the First Church of Christ, Scientist: or, Mother Church," by the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, is before us in pamphlet form, daintily printed, the twenty-first thousand. It is a short message of thirty-five open pages, characterized by the usual style of Mrs. Eddy being florid in metaphor, loose in diction, confident to the point of dogmatism. It seems from this that the revelation that brought the title to her book in "the silence of the night, when the steadfast stars watched over the world"—"Science and Health"—had come to the earth once before when Wickliff used the phrase in his translation of the New Testament. Today she is the proud possessor of a copy of the Wickliff New Testament.

The *Christian Life* of London sympathizes with the cockney who, in his visit to the country, pities the toiler on the soil on account of the dullness and monotony of his life. This toiler is proud of his horse, crops, and garden. These words are as applicable in America as in London. The most pitiable object to be seen nowadays is the city man, or more often the city woman, who lolls lazily in her dainty lawns under the farmer's trees, pitying the farmer and the farmer's wife because they have so much hard work, such coarse clothes. The farmer and his wife are not so busy but that they can once in a while lift their eyes from their toil and pity the vacant life of the indolent loafers, whose money is welcome in the family purse but whose influence upon their children is oftentimes dreaded as debilitating and unwholesome. It is a poor thing to leave in the farm home a longing for the idleness, the fixy dresses and shallow culture chatter of many summer boarders.

That was an interesting bit of creed-making indulged in by President Hyde of Bowdoin College and his sixty seniors, as described by the President in the *Outlook*. The sixty students were asked to write out their individual creeds. These creeds the President condensed into a composite creed and then submitted to the class, and at the end of the second hour it was unanimously adopted. Here is the creed of the class of 1903:

"I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

"I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

"I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of

the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false."

The next Universal Peace Congress is to be held at Rouen, France, next September, instead of at The Hague, as first announced, the society of The Hague having asked for a postponement until the Temple of Peace, now being built, through the gift of Mr. Carnegie, shall have been completed. Among the subjects discussed will be "Inquiry Into the Causes of War," "A Discussion of the Truce of Armaments" and "The Method of National Self-defence in Lieu of Battle Ships and Armed Fortresses." UNITY again renews the suggestion which it has urged for years, that the coming Congress take all steps possible towards securing the official recognition on the part of all governments of a peace emblem, the simplest and most effective of which would be the rimming by each nation of its flag with a belt of white, when it represents the peace activities of that nation. Let the national colors floating over schools, colleges, hospitals, churches, postoffices and other amicable activities ever be belted in white. Let the military and all that pertains thereto fly the flag without the international circumference. We believe that such a simple device would do much towards familiarizing the minds of the young with the logic of peace. Pending any such official recognition of this advance towards an international flag, let individuals use, whenever possible, over home, school and church, the flag rimmed with amity.

The Advocate of Peace, published in Boston, has a timely regret that Massachusetts, which has recently been enriched in the public gardens of Boston, with the statute of William Ellery Channing who did so much to discount the barbarous circumstance and pomp of arms, should have recently unveiled a great equestrian statute of General Hooker on the State House grounds with the "greatest military pageant that has been seen in Boston in recent years. Fifteen thousand men were in line, nearly a million people lined the streets and filled the windows and doors. There were prancing steeds, bumping rifles, glittering swords, the rhythmic tread of men, the rush and rattle of artillery, wagons, shouts of officers, shoulder ornaments, trouser stripes and flaming sleeves galore." All this Channing would have regretted as "childish for Massachusetts." The pageant has passed, but the memory of it will abide as an unwholesome ideal in the lives of fiery boys and sentimental girls. We sympathize with this protest. War needs to be seen in its true light, as at best a necessity of barbarism, a relic of the brutal in man, holding its place in civilization largely by virtue of the false glamor thrown around it by poet, orator, the makers of uniforms and the drum majors of modern life. If ever war becomes a necessity in order to save the honor of a nation or the freedom of a people, let the uniform be grim and the drill a somber, solemn necessity. The true patriot will be as willing to die for his country or for the right without the cheap embellishments, and the fool will take less comfort in the grim business of killing.

The Rev. W. H. Savary, in a recent article in the *Christian Register,* has a sensible word to say concerning "The Future of New School Congregationalism." Mr. Savary frankly states the obvious fact when he says that the progressive wing of the Congregationalist and Baptist churches, represented by such ministers as Munger, Gladden, Gordon, Toy and Moxom and such college presidents as Tucker, Harris, Hyde, Faunce and others, together with the majority of the Universalist and Unitarian churches, belong to the one "communion of the emancipated," and the time must come when this common faith in life will be recognized, if not by a common name, then by a common indifference to the names that now inadequately represent their fellowships. Writing as an Unitarian he says:

"If this Broad Church Congregationalism hereafter obtains and dominates, some of us, while proud of and greatly honoring the achievements and truths of the Unitarian denomination, may possibly be strongly moved to begin to say of a name which can never be adequately inclusive, affirmative or catholic, 'Away! Get thee behind me. Thou art an offense unto me! Thou savorest not of the things of God, but of men!'"

Such language as this may savor of heresy and disloyalty to many Unitarians of the present day, buit it is only a harking back to the faith of the fathers. Channing took the name of "Unitarian" reluctantly and rejoiced in it only "when it was spoken against falsely." And Dr. Bellows said, "I wish the movement headed by Channing could have remained without a denominational name or platform. It would have been quite enough to have known is at the Broad Church." This rising perplexity of the Unitarian in regard to his name has its parallel in all the denominations mentioned and others who are more safely entrenched. There are Baptists and Presbyterians and Methodists to whom the denominational label is an inadequate sign. Sooner or later this inadequacy will become so patent that the label will cease to carry any definite significance.

The annual report of President Schurman to the Board of Trustees of Cornell University for the year ending June 18th last, is before us. It begins with a discussion of the typhoid epidemic that struck the University with such peculiar malignity this last year. The President estimates the number of patients who suffered from this disease to be in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty, and of these, sixteen cases proved fatal. He justly commends the thoughtfulness of Andrew Carnegie, one of the trustees of the University, who not only begged the privilege of bearing all the financial burdens that fell upon the individual students with special force, but for the establishing of a filtration plant that would make the water supply of the University doubly safe. President Schurman gives the welcome information that not a single student who dwelt in the University halls was smitten. The contamination was in the city water. Sage College, which provides accommodations for the women students at Cornell, is the only dormitory building on

the campus. Hereby the educational, social and economic argument in favor of such dormitory halls, previously urged by the President, has been reinforced in a striking manner by sanitary conditions. The trustees passed strong and prompt resolutions in favor of extending this dormitory system, its action appropriating five hundred thousand dollars to match any gifts received for a similar purpose, "it being understood that such hall shall be of a plain, substantial character, fire-proof, and as beautiful as is compatible with simplicity and economy." This action is justified by a preamble setting forth the fact that the "fraternity houses" do not meet the want, for they accommodate only "a small portion of the students," the admission in every case being given only by the invitation of the fraternity, while the cost of membership increases the students' expenses by an appreciable amount. The "residential and dining halls should be administered so as to make them accessible to students of narrow means, which constitute the great majority of the members of Cornell University." The trustees do not wish to fix the price of accommodations in these halls in such a way as to secure the necessary returns on investments, hence it takes steps to secure the first cost of building without encroaching upon its invested funds. Let other universities go and do likewise. Let the first canons of their architecture be "simplicity and economy," and let other universities join with Cornell and Yale in a protest against the costliness of college life, in emphasizing the dignity and importance of the economic life during study years, so that the student when he graduates, instead of being emasculated with many wants and cushioned indulgences, will be tempered to fight the good fight; like a good soldier, inured to privations, schooled to self-denial, sustained by inward enjoyments.

Leo XIII.

FROM A TALK TO THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL, JULY 22, 1903. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MARY M. LEPPO.

The Pope is dead! It is fitting that at the summer school given to the study of religion some recognition of this world-moving event should be taken. Of course the papers will be full of the details of his life, perhaps too full for us to form a clear picture, first of his personality, then of his service to the church, and lastly of his service to the world.

Leo XIII. will undoubtedly pass down in history as one of the benignant Popes, a good man, a wise man, and, as I see him, great, in the greatness that becomes Popes. A greater greatness would hardly fit into the Vatican. He had the greatness of culture, of elegant scholarship. His were the refinements of a worthy inheritance and of a full academic training. All these resources he diligently used. He seems to command respect in the realm of letters. The English-speaking world must in the main take his gifts as a poet and as a man of elegant letters on trust. Those who have kept their Latin alive, to whom it is still a tongue brought down to date, must judge of the elegance of his sonnets and the skill of his lines, which I believe are largely written in Latin. And perhaps only those on the inside of the Catholic church, who can understand not only his words but his emphasis and his accents, can adequately judge of the skill and power of his official documents, his various declarations and deliverances.

He will go down in history as a Pope who has had a long Pontificate. Twenty-five years does not seem to be a very long public career in Europe, but that is a long time in Peter's Chair.

This gentleman and scholar, poet and man of letters, who was well born and well trained according to the schools of Italy, has spent a very long life in the service of the church, and his service always has been a creditable one. His elevation to the papal throne seems to have been more of a surprise to himself than to his colleagues, for with little friction and with little hesitation the House of Cardinals settled upon him, if I remember rightly, on the third or fourth ballot, the first ballot, he being very clearly in the lead, having some twenty odd out of the sixty odd votes necessary. In the election of a Pope there are no discussions and no consultations, the cardinals are retired either actually or morally and act without being influenced by debate or consultation. He himself hesitated in presence of the responsibility, as becomes a man of delicate sensibilities, such as he doubtless was. The accounts tell us that he was greatly overcome and grew pale when he saw his name coming to the front; tears began to stream down his face and he said to a neighbor cardinal, "I must speak, for these men are mistaken. They think I am the material to make a Pope of. They deem me wise and skilled. I am neither."

He was called to this post in troubled times. Under the rule of Pope Pius IX. temporal power had gone from the Vatican. The Pope was no longer the ruler of Italy. The Protestant world was disposed to regard this as a death blow to papacy. To the Catholic world it was, to say the least, a great humiliation and a source of great concern. Pope Pius IX. had been a self-elected prisoner. He would not go from the Vatican. The Catholic world hoped that, under the rule of this skillful prelate, there would be some turn of the political or military wheels that would restore to the Vatican its temporal power, or at least some semblance of it, sufficient to preserve the dignity of the Pope and to secure the central potency of it. So this Leo XIII. was expected somehow to restore the temporal power. I do not discuss the politics of it, but it was, to my mind, the most benignant stroke that could possibly have been given the Catholic church when the seat of temporal power was removed from the one hill to the other, and I am inclined to think that history will so prove it. Now that all the entanglements of statecraft were out of the Pope's hands, all the more was spiritual dominion placed in his hands. He has triumphed over the defeat; he has won the confidence of Europe; he was in timely touch with all the crowned heads of Europe; he was in league with the better forces in the republics of the world. Thus turning defeat into triumph, he showed the world once more where the true power of religion lies.

I like to think how he won out by skillful diplomacy where arms failed. This triumph has been duplicated in European history within the last hundred years in many other ways. Germany put a heavy, cruel, brutal heel on France, crushed it, humiliated Paris and desecrated her traditions. In an astonishingly short time, some twenty years, I believe, besides paying a heavy indemnity. France was loaning money to her conqueror. She had won out on the field of industry, economy and finance where she had been defeated on the field of battle.

The problems that the Pope found when he became Pope, speaking from the outside, were two or three fold, and Leo seems to have been able to meet each of them in a marvelously successful way. There were political complications. Bismarck was against him. He had determined to humiliate Rome, for internal reasons. There were certain Catholic potencies in the realm that were, as he thought, inimicable to the best interests of Germany, and I suspect in some diplomatic way he thought he would nag the Pope into doing some foolish thing that would turn the tide of sympathy against him at home, in favor of his own movements. But the Pope, by extreme courtesy, magnanimity, patience and diplomacy, simply took the wind out of Bismarck's sails. Instead of war, friction and contention, came a certain kind of harmony.

The situation in France was still more perplexing. The Pope was called upon to decide as to whether Rome would recognize the Republic of France. The traditions and conservatism for which the church stands were against the Republic and in favor of monarchy, but Leo got over that trouble. This Pope was unquestionably in sympathy with democracy. He said, "The church must not kick against the pricks of democracy, the coming destiny of humanity."

Then came the Labor Union problem. The Catholic church is logically compelled to take a position against secret societies. The secret society calls for an allegiance which is liable to conflict with the allegiance which the church demands. These various Working Men's Unions came up. A large number of the Catholic communicants are working men. This made it a hard, hot question. He met it on the side of liberality. He has compelled everybody to recognize that he is on the side of the laboring man, and somehow it has been fixed up so that there are hundreds and thousands of good Catholics who are also good Labor Union men.

It was under his administration that Father McGlynn, of New York, got into trouble over the single tax business, but won his way out of it, and he died in the confidence and in the graces of the church. A less wise Pope would have made a breach that would have been permanent. These things indicate his skill as a diplomatist.

Thus it was that he brought the Vatican back into the counsels and the confidences of the nation after Italy had cut it out of such a place. I dare say the King of Italy today is a sincere mourner.

There was another problem, more difficult to meet, which Pope Leo met as no other Pope had done. Future Popes will have to see it worked out—the problem of modern thought, the scientific tendency, evolution, the reconstruction of the whole scheme of thought and thinking involved thereby. He has done two or three very definite things along this direction. In the first place, some years ago, he opened the archives of the Vatican to the scholars of the world. Of course the Vatican is a great library as well as a great many other things; it is a great treasure house of ancient manuscripts, secular and religious, and these were for centuries under lock and key, under the surveillance of the proper authorities, and open only to such scholars and workers as the church approved of, which made the great treasure inaccessible to the scholars of the world. Pope Leo simply said, "These treasures are open to the studious world," and now anybody with adequate credentials may have as free access to them as to any library in Chicago.

Another thing he has done more recently: He has appointed a commission to look into the modern estimate of the Scripture. That is to say, if I may use secular phrase, he has appointed a committee to report on "the Higher Criticism" of the Bible. This committee is now at work. The report is looked for with great interest, not only by Catholics but by scholars generally.

Once more, being greatly in love with education and democracy, he has permanently steered Catholic United States out of the breakers—the question of the relation of the parochial to the public school. The United States was committed to the public schools, the Catholic church to parochial schools, and there was the friction and the clash imminent, indeed on, in Cincinnati, New York and many other places. I cannot show how it was done, but Leo gave to America its first cardinal, a progressive man. Such men as Gibbons, Ireland, Keene and Zahn were in his confidence and they were committed to public education. The Catholic University at Washington was founded. This is an institution probably superior in its material backing to even our boasted Rockefeller institution in Chicago or the Leland Stanford in California. These men were committed to the most progressive and democratic education.

Pope Leo entered the Pontificate out of the Study. He entered on the work when Rome was supposed to be humiliated in the eyes of the powers of the world. He has restored it into the confidences, at least into the courtesies, of the world. He entered at a time when republicanism was in deadly grapple with aristocracy in Europe, and the conservative traditions of the church would naturally put him on this side. He has put himself on the side of democracy. He entered at a time when science and modern thought were straining the church to its extreme limit. He has lessened the tension and indicated the lines upon which the church will probably work.

The Pope has been called "the Peace-Maker." He hated war. If that sad, bad and bumptious Congress had only held off a little longer Pope Leo and President McKinley would probably have avoided the Spanish war and gained the desired end. In this struggle

he was not against Spain but he was for the United States, and helped bring out the best after the war was unfortunately precipitated. The Pope has managed to transfer the sympathies of the church to the United States in the face of these very perplexing questions of the friars.

This long life fast rounding out to the century limit, was crowned by a singularly serene and triumphant ending. The old man of ninety-three years lies in state today in Rome, loved and mourned by thousands of loyal sons and daughters of Mother Church the wide world over. Loved and revered by thousands widely removed from the traditions and beliefs of Rome, who saw in him a lover of humanity, a reconciler not only of man to God, but of man to his brother man. He will be buried with few if any personal enemies. He represents the highest greatness possible to one who occupies the papal chair.

"Aunt Mary."

July 13, 1903.

That was a funeral service of unusual quality and interest held in Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wisconsin, on the warm breezy forenoon of July 15. Mary (Lloyd Jones) Phillip has lived for more than 40 years at "Hilltop," one of the higher ascents in the region of hill and vale, where the homes of seven brothers and sisters nestle in the valley below. An older sister in a family of ten children, she took the mother's place when the strength of the Little Mother waned. "Aunt Mary" was the appellation which a numerous progeny of boys and girls bestowed upon her as they came upon the scene in the third generation but as "Aunt Mary" she was also known throughout and beyond the valley in many of the surrounding townships and communities. Mother of three daughters, like the women of old she prayed for a man child. The prayer was denied from above, but the strong soul, the religious soul, knows how to answer its own prayers. There were homeless boys in the crowded cities, and several of these Aunt Mary took into her own home, maturing and training them to manhood. "Sonless mother of motherless sons!" said the brother-preacher, who stood in the desk to say the last words. In addition to this voluntary enlargement of home cares, "Aunt Mary" was the friend and adviser in every other home, the most dependable neighbor and guest. Often she performed the offices of doctor and priest.

Death struggled long and cruelly against her before he won her, and his triumph was a blessed release when it came. Natures so stanch and firmly bedded in their native strength and integrity yield themselves inch by inch to this last enemy and friend. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," was the minister's text, who spoke of the ministering power of pain—"*And hope and faith the blest assurance give; We do not live to die; we die to live.*" The Rod, *Tower Hill Mis.*, the soul growth won through the daily performance of humble but arduous tasks. C. P. W.

From the Friend's Burial.

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

* * * * * * *

Her path shall brighten more and more,
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise!
With grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The Blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

—Whittier.

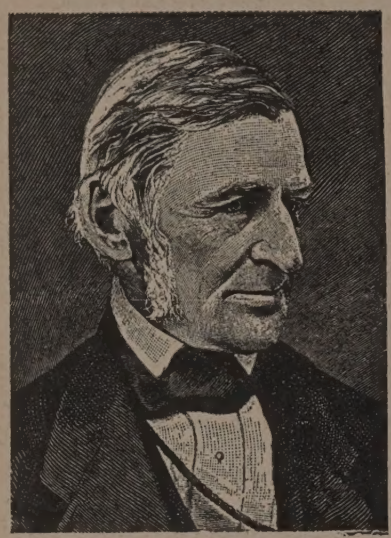
Memory in Children.

An investigation into the power of memory in children was recently made by the director of the department of child-study for the Chicago public schools. It was found, among other interesting results, that there is no "memory period," no period in early school life when the memory is stronger than it is at any later portion of the child's life, a period especially adapted for learning to spell. "While there are no memory stages, there are undoubtedly periods of interest that are especially favorable for the child's learning to spell; times when the child is aroused from indifference or from a feeling that spelling is a small part of life to a recognition that it is important. It has been pointed out that during early school life the auditory memory is the stronger, and later that the visual memory is stronger. During the whole of school life the audio-visual memory is stronger than either the auditory or visual; that is, a simultaneous appeal to both sight and hearing produces a richer and more usable image than is brought about by an appeal to either sense alone. It would seem from this that the more senses we can appeal to, the deeper will be the impression."—*Harper's Weekly.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



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X.

Emerson's Essays.

Emerson not only possessed the individual creative consciousness which was destined by the very nature of its inner capacity to lead in this branch of writing, but he was, also, fitted by inheritance and education to be the precursor of the essay in this country. He was born to education, as his Aunt Mary Moody was wont to say, with a long line of New England clergymen in the background, and a disposition which revelled in literature of the best; imbued with the scripture of all ages and climes; nurtured in poverty which refined the metal of his character to its true ring—we follow Ralph Waldo Emerson through the Latin school of Boston; through the Harvard College, partly earning his way, through a slight experience in teaching, to the young minister of the Second Congregational Church of Boston. Thence came the parting of the ways, when he was to choose between a successful and honored ministry; the pride of friends and the fulfillment of the traditions of his elders, or a life of truth to soul and God, freed from the shackles of sectarianism, a spiritual interpreter of the profound truths of the Bible, an influence among men.

Which path, then, should he choose? Ease or truth? He chose the latter, retired to private life in Concord, content if the invisible fires within his own breast should keep burning. He wrote essays and poems, and was instrumental in the inauguration of the lecture-system in this country. Here, close to the heart of nature, under the shadow of his beloved pines, the essay blossomed into poetry, the poem became prophecy, the sermon was metamorphosed into scripture. The home at Concord became the Mecca, then as now, for pilgrim feet; the man was revered by the few as he is now by the many, as the prophet of the century, and the revelator of its truths. Twelve volumes of essays, poems, and miscellaneous writings, he has bequeathed to posterity, and his essays range over a variety of topics from the analysis of English character and Representative Men, to the character subjects: Thoreau, Carlyle, Walter Savage Landor; from Nature and The Method of Nature, through Idealism to the Over-soul, and then the life-essays: Culture, Worship, Experience, Domestic Life, Fate, Immortality, Spiritual Laws, Self-Reliance, The Sovereignty of Ethics. His addresses at commencement exercises are unique and unrivalled, and they not only mark an epoch in literary culture, but the thought is so startling, generative and electric that there is scarcely a wise man to-day but that has received the impetus to his calling through these utterances. His was the sorcery of genius; his touch that of a master hand. The pure in heart *see* God, not *shall* see.

It is an old story to which we revert with pathetic recall, the story of the reception of Emerson's genius. If to be great is to be misunderstood, Emerson was great from the start. Twelve years elapsed before five hundred copies of his first little book, entitled Nature, were disposed of, and until 1850 not one cent of remuneration had been vouchsafed him. Not only did the critics deem that "His soul was a star set apart," but his mind was supposed to be deranged as well; and this judgment came not from the crowds or the masses, as we ignominously denominate them, but from the highest literary circles. The simple souls, such as were not freighted with great learning, loved him—even the poor washerwoman felt, in his presence, that for once she was as good as anyone; *she* accepted the spirit of his teachings, they parleyed about the letter. It was the fashion in 1837 for the scholastic elite to ridicule the "Transcendentalists," especially Emerson. But he was impervious to ridicule; he never defended himself, and the poise of the man, under such trying crises, was remarkable. Dr. Edward Everett Hale recently published the following incident in the work entitled "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," which illustrates the point just advanced. At the dinner party of the Phi Beta Kappa, after the oration of 1837 (the famous Divinity school address), Mr. Edward Everett said with perfect good nature of the Transcendentalists, that their utterances seemed to him to be compounded like the bolts of Jupiter—

> Three parts were raging fire,
> And three were whelming water,
> But three were thirsty-cloud,
> And three were empty wind!

Emerson was too young and too modest, and had too much real regard and respect for Everett to make the reply which one thinks of now, and which was incorporated into a later essay of his. "Whatever the bolts were made of, they were thunderbolts; and from Vulcan's time to this time, people had better stand out from under when a thunderbolt is falling." Upon *this* occasion, however, Dr. Hale relates: "I can see Emerson now, as he smiled and was silent."

Emerson smiled and was silent!

Emerson's style as an essayist can scarcely be defined, for it escapes analysis; and his philosophy was not systematized; his deepest apothegms and his grandest appeals were never lengthened into an institution, to be apotheosized, *but* there was in that which he uttered so sweet a persuasiveness that argument halts before it and poor analysis hangs the head in shame.

Strength, sweetness, originality and humor were the characteristics of his style, and his thoughts have not only stamped themselves upon the human mind, they have ploughed themselves into the history of the race. Someone once said of Emerson, that his verse would live after his essays had been relegated to oblivion, and Emerson confessed that his poetry was his best, because there was the least of himself in it—the least of human judgment and will, but rather a resignation of self to the Divine afflatus which evermore publishes itself. Emerson's verse at its best,

has an ideal left to it, yet is his prose poetic also—for it is rhythmical, modulated, melodious. Some of his phrases are immortal, seemingly heaven-born; symmetrical, perfect as crystals; and heaven was real to him as a condition of the soul, and so near that he caught the notes of the cherubim when the wind favored the direction. They may have been the voices of angels. Who can say, for are not angels immortal thoughts? From an artistic or orthographic point of view, Emerson was one of the contributors of newly-coined words to our language, words that are standard to-day. He had also the concentrated power which packs infinite riches into a small compass; he was an adept in the use of the sole epithet and single thrust of phrase. It is one proof of the greatness of a writer that his work seems so easy after it is done; another is, that you cannot add to or take from it a word, unless the sense is marred and the harmony disturbed; and this latter quality is the essence and mystery of scripture-writing. It is also a qualification of the prose-poet, and Emerson compassed this height and barely comes within the range of authorship.

Emerson was at home, too, in that complete abstraction from time and place which insures from the immunity of decay, and which marks the grand simplicities of the Bibles of the world. His word at the highest seems not to be his or any man's, but the privilege and expression of the unalterable mind. Another characteristic of Emerson, especially in the essay, is that he grows; there is an evolution in his expression; a reach and grasp which finds touch with new revelations of wisdom. And with all his emphasis upon originality and individuality, he does not, like Dante's angel, "spin upon his own axis;" but he advances and keeps pace, and is ever young, even in the face of his juniors, being thus an exemplification of his own lines:

> Spring still makes spring in the mind
> When sixty years are told;
> Love makes anew this throbbing heart
> And we are never old.

No disparity can be found between the life and the word of Emerson, the *tabula rasa* of his soul is transparent, irradiated by the life-blood of a master-spirit. The same qualities of the writer, centrality and beauty, were dominant in the character of the man. The charm of his writings is that there is a living soul beneath and evermore illumining the language and bequeathing it enduring vitality. His thought is experience, ripened and transformed; he is himself identified with it, a party to the thing possessed; his thought is not second-hand, not literary according to conventional standards, but it is sincere and true, unique and pure.

Such a "soul gives itself lone, original and pure to the lone, original and pure, which gladly inhabits and leads it." It is the voice of the soul emancipated, not "cabined, cribbed or confined," but unlimited and universal. And so the ulterior charm in the essay of Emerson is one undefinable; an essence which escapes analysis; it refuses propositions; it is the spiritual. "Of that ineffable essence called spirit, he knows most who will say least." In short, *it* cannot be *said*, but it can be entered into by the subordination of all lower interests. "The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, and calms itself that all is well."

That "Beautiful Necessity" can only be sympathetically known and loyally obeyed.

He who would fathom the depths of Emerson's philosophy must become a philosopher. He who would interpret the spirit of Emerson must, himself, be of the spirit, a voice crying in the wilderness, and proclaiming the new order of things. Such an one must be tried by the fires of purification; the scales must be removed from his eyes—and he must be prepared to meet the soul face-to-face. This is to know and to understand Emerson. And to understand him is to love him.

ESTHER C. JENNINGS.

The Littleness and the Greatness of Man.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M. A.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained,
What is man that Thou art mindful of him,
Or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?
Yet Thou hast made him only a little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor."
—*Psalm viii.* 3-5, *Revised Version.*

This fine passage of the old Hebrew Psalm expresses vividly the thought of the littleness, yet the greatness of man.

As the psalmist looks up into the night heavens above his head, so wide-spreading and so wonderful, and sees the moon and stars shining so gloriously and moving with majesty through the vast spaces, a feeling of awe comes over him, and a sense of his own insignificance, and he exclaims with a reverence and a humility which we can well understand, "What is man—puny, insignificant man—that Thou art mindful of him?"

Such is the psalmist's first feeling. But the next moment he catches a glimpse of something in man which transcends all this seeming littleness, something greater than the stars, and exclaims again: "Yet after all,

> "Thou hast made him only a little lower than God,
> And crownest him with glory and honor."

This feeling of the insignificance of man in the presence of the greatness of nature, and especially in the presence of the vastness and splendor of the heavens above us, is one that has been very common in all ages. Nor is it wanting today. Indeed, since the rise of modern astronomy, which makes the heavens incomparably more vast and glorious than the boldest mind dreamed in the ancient times, this sense of the disproportion between the physical littleness of man and the greatness of his environment becomes all the more clear and strong. If men of the ancient times had reason to feel insignificant in the midst of their little universe, what shall be said of ourselves in the midst of the universe revealed by modern astronomy, which, compared with that of the ancient Hebrew, is as infinity to a hand-breadth? Is it strange if men are found asking today, in humility and often in dismay, Can it be possible that the Creator of all these innumerable worlds which the telescope reveals, thinks about or cares for men? When worlds perish shall we hope to escape? Is it reasonable to suppose that our little lives are of any more importance to him than a snowflake on a mountain, or a bubble on the sea?

These questions are not merely speculative; they are of the deepest possible practical import to man. They trouble many minds, they darken many lives. What answer is to be found?

I think two or three considerations offer us light. And, first, this: Mere physical size is no index whatever of value or importance. The earth is not necessarily less important than a world a million times larger than itself, and man is not necessarily unimportant because his body is small. An elephant is larger than a man, but it is not for that reason of higher value. A diamond which one can hold between his finger and thumb may have a greater value than a huge mountain. Comparing worlds with worlds, it is not uncommon to find the smaller much more ma-

ture than the larger. Our sun has a volume 1,250,000 times greater than that of the earth; yet the earth sustains very high forms of life, while the sun probably has upon its surface no life at all. It seems likely that the huge suns of space generally are much less mature than their relatively very much smaller satellites. Thus we see that the human race is not necessarily unimportant because God has given us our home in one of his smaller worlds, any more than an individual is necessarily unimportant because he lives in little Athens or London, which are mere specks upon the surface of the world, instead of in vast Siberia or Tartary. Mere bulk signifies nothing. Beings of highest nature and sublimest destiny may as fittingly dwell in bodies six feet high as six thousand, and on this fair earth of ours, small though it be, as on the surface of the hugest bulks of matter in the universe.

This leads us to the thought that the real greatness of man is not physical, but spiritual. It is by virtue of his mind, not his body, that he is exalted. What matters it, therefore, whether the material world that he dwells in be small or great? Can the heaping up of vast physical dimensions dwarf mind—mind that knows no dimensions and spurns all physical limits? Is spirit overshadowed by standing in the presence of the greatest possible aggregation of matter? Do all the worlds the telescope reveals, that cannot think, belittle the human mind that can?

No, however much modern astronomy may reduce the relative size of the earth as compared with the heavenly bodies, it can never disturb the greatness of man so long as he remains an intellectual and a moral being. He is great with a greatness which inheres in his own nature, and therefore which is independent of any possible discoveries that science can make in the material realm. He is great because he can know, reason, distinguish right from wrong, hope, love, worship. These things he can do because he is spirit, for these are the attributes of spirit. But the greatest world the telescope ever saw, considered as a mere physical mass, is as impotent to do one of these things as is the smallest molecule that floats in the air.

It should be borne in mind that man feels awe in the presence of the starry heavens, not because of his own insignificance, but really because of his own greatness. It is the divine in him that thrills at the wonderful sight. A stone or a clod feels no sense of awe. A brute beast looks up with utter indifference to the same stars and constellations which bring man to his knees in awe and adoration. The brute is indifferent because he lacks mind. The man admires and worships because he knows, understands, feels; has the correlate of the great heavens in his own greater soul.

To think the world is to be superior to the world. To know the stars is to be greater than the stars. The sun is of vast bulk, but can he measure himself, or weigh himself or calculate his path through the skies, or understand even one of the laws that he blindly obeys? But man can do all these things. Therefore, man, though his stature be but five or six feet, is greater than the sun.

We read in the Scriptures, "The heavens declare the glory of God." So they do. But they also declare the greatness of the human soul, for it is only because man's soul is great that he can recognize God's glory in the heavens.

Then let not man tremble or fear whatever may be the revelations of the telescope, or however vast may be the universe in which he dwells. Surely if the universe were smaller, that would not make it safer. Safety for him lies not in small or large, but in the fact that it is all God's house, and he is God's child. "All minds are of one family," said Channing. Because we know as God knows, and love as he loves, and are spirits as he is spirit, therefore we have a right to look into his face—even though his face shine with the light of infinite galaxies—and say, Thou art our Father. We are not things tossed from thy hand. Thy great nature is in us. We are children of thy love and care. Therefore we will not fear, in life or in death, in this world or in any other to which Thou shalt summon us.

The Soldier Type of Character.

In the old Bargello at Florence stands Donatello's statue of St. George—straight, upright, steadfast, rigid, eyes to the front, both hands clasping the long shield. It is a perfect representation of the soldier type of character that one meets with now and then, the natures with whom Honor and Duty are the master words. Their code of ethics is simple—too simple for a complex world like this. Given, a matter touching their honor, a duty to discharge, they will stand firm as granite rock or rush forward to the jaws of Death, as the occasion may demand. Upright, obedient, courageous, enduring hardness with silent fortitude—such a character must command respect and admiration; yet is it liable to great blunders through defect of vision, and in danger of the stiffness and narrowness which are the defects of the soldierly qualities. Honor and duty are much; but duty may be severe, fanatical, intolerant, and honor may be formal, proud, haughty. There may be a kind of self-sufficiency in them both; they may nourish spiritual pride. But truth and justice and plain kindness are forevermore the elementary virtues, the foundation stones of a noble character. For they are the virtues of *humility;* they take the thought away from self; they apply the golden rule; they guide the sense of duty and save it from being blind and cruel; they clear the eyes of the soul as to what is real and what is false honor. Life to us here is not a simple matter of obedience to the plainly uttered command of a leader. We must feel around for truth, discern the word for our souls to obey out of a multitude of conflicting voices.

> "O blest is he to whom is given
> The instinct that can tell
> That God is on the field, when he
> Is most invisible."

The soldier-type of character is in danger of formalism. He loves the idea of fidelity, loyalty, chivalry, honor; yet he misses the fine inner sense of human relations, and will often go on kneeling to the body after the spirit has departed. He errs on the side of knowledge; he may be the victim of appearances and the prey of the sophist.

Yet how infinitely nobler is he than the theorist, who, seeing clearly and feeling finely, yet remains in the realm of action a laggard and a coward! Such a one is but half in earnest; something of the hypocrite clings to him; he has not attained to unity of life. But there stands our soldier, rigid, austere, rather simple-minded, but grand in *oneness*, beautiful in sincerity and simplicity of being, a Knight *"Sans peur et sans reproche."* He is not the very highest type of character, but he is a high type. He is not fitted for leadership because he lacks wisdom, breadth and richness; but happy that leader who can engage him in his service!

And there he stands in the old Bargello, as if the shield had created the man behind it; no rounded curves, no flourishes, but straight-up-and-down lines; a figure armed from top to toe, and breathing from every inch of him one message—*"Tell me what is right to do and I will do it."* ELEANOR R. LARRISON.

> We love but seldom that which is not fair
> As well as good, and so, our taste to suit,
> Dame Nature always puts a blossom there
> Before she does the fruit.

Waldron, Ind. ALONZO RICE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND WHAT IT IMPLIES.

Dialogue.

Suppose now we talk a little more about loving one's country, going back to the subject of "patriotism."

I wish you would tell me whether you think that love of country is the same as the love you would feel for a personal friend. "Pretty much the same?"

Are you sure now? What if you had been fond of somebody, for instance, and thought of him as a friend, but should find out that you had been very much mistaken in him, that he had been guilty of some very bad acts and made you feel heartily ashamed of him; would you then have the same fondness for him, or feel the same devotion to him as before? "Perhaps not."

What would happen under those circumstances? "Why," you explain, "we should begin to care less for such a person, not want to be so much in his company, and not take so much pains to please him or to keep his friendship, and perhaps not care so much about doing things for him." Yes; that is probably true.

And how would it be with one's country under similar conditions? Suppose that the country to which we belong commits an act of injustice, does something wrong, is guilty of bad conduct toward some of its own citizens or toward other nations; would it be just the same, then, as with the feelings we had for the friend we had been mistaken in?

In this case would the love for our country die away altogether? Would we cease to want to do anything for our country, or cease to be willing to make sacrifices for it, or no longer feel warmly attached to it?

You hesitate. But what sort of feeling would arise? Would you be indignant? "Yes, we should feel indignant," you admit. But would you dislike or despise your country? "No, not exactly."

Why not? "Oh," you point out, "we belong to the country, nevertheless, and if we despised it, that would seem almost the same as despising ourselves." "Then, too," you point out, "some of us as citizens may not have approved of the bad conduct on the part of the government of our country."

Yes; I understand you there. Somehow we do not altogether despise our country, even when it has done wrong. And perhaps you have given one good reason why this is so. It may be that it is because we are a part of the country, or that it is a part of us.

When a man does something which he personally is ashamed of, which he regrets and wishes he had not done, does he despise himself? "Not exactly." Then what is the feeling? "Why," you tell me, "he wishes somehow that he had not done it. He would like to change, so as not to be led to do it again."

You seee, then, do you, that just because our country is a part of ourselves, and we a part of our country, when it does wrong we do not turn against it, but we may try all we can to have our country improved, and to keep it from committing any more acts of injustice.

"True," you add, "but it does not follow that even when an acquaintance or friend of ours has done something very wrong, we should lose all interest in him and not care whether he improves or not." I admit the point you make, and it is an important one to be considered.

And yet, would there not be an experience of a certain loss of feeling toward that person, not quite like what would take place in your feeling if it was your country that was involved instead of a person? "Yes," you explain, "one may lose respect or regard for a friend, under those conditions, in a way in which he would not lose regard or respect for his country, inasmuch as he would somehow think that the whole country was not to blame and that a change could be brought about, if the really good citizens would act in the matter."

Sometimes, do you know, men have died, not in war in order to save their country from attacks on the outside, but just for the sake of improving their country's character on the inside. They wanted to have a better, nobler country, they desired to have the people improve the laws of their country. Then perhaps some of the people became angry and turned against such men, even putting them to death.

So you observe that a man may be a soldier in the cause of improving his country, as well as in the cause of defending it from the attacks of other countries.

Note to the Teacher: There is a valuable point here which may be made plain to the pupils if it is dwelt upon carefully. Make them see in these experiences a certain resemblance between themselves and their country; how it is that if they personally fall into bad habits and do keep their self-respect, they will feel ashamed; while they could not hate themselves and yet at the same time want to improve. And so point out that when a country falls into a bad habit, then *some* of the people feel ashamed of their country, and this makes them want to improve it, if they are true citizens. Do not go far into the general topic about reform work. All this will be developed further in a future lesson dealing with the problem of trying to improve one's country. The point is introduced here only by way of illustration.

You told me in a former lesson that you were quite sure that love of country must mean something, because of the fact that so many have died for their country. Nor can you show any further reasons why one should have this kind of feeling?

Have you ever noticed, by the way, how people become fond of something which they have had to pay heavily for, make sacrifices for, or which has exacted a great deal of care?

Is it not true, for instance, even with a pet animal, where we have brought it up from birth and had to take a great deal of care of it, and it has given us much trouble, then somehow we seem to be more fond of it than of a creature given to us after it is grown up?

You may not have thought of this, but those who are older than you are, will often mention the fact. We care more for something when we have had to make a sacrifice for it, or where it has *cost* us something. You have noticed, have you not, that even when we have paid more for something in money, usually we value it more? "Oh, yes," you say.

Now I wonder if you can see in this circumstance one reason why people are devoted to their country. It may be because of the sacrifices which have been made for it. It has cost a great deal.

Do you know much, for instance, about the early life of nations? In their history do they usually start out prosperously and peaceably? "No," you answer, "it is more often with war."

Yes, you are right; most countries have had to experience a struggle in their early history in order to come into existence. There has been war and great sacrifices. What war was it, for example, that laid the foundation of the United States? "The Revolutionary War?"

Must there not have been a great deal of suffering and sorrow in those days? Think how many of our forefathers had to die in that war! Think of the women who lost their husbands, of the children who lost their fathers, of the families who lost all their possessions! Think how hard it was for many people to live in those days, even to get enough to eat and drink!

Some of those people may have been our own ancestors. Should we not naturally, then, love a country for which our forefathers made such great sacrifices?

"True," you add, "but what about those citizens whose fathers and mothers may have been born in other lands, or whose ancestors belonged to other countries." Yes, I admit the exception you make. It is quite true that such adopted citizens could not feel exactly the same degree of sentiment in this direction.

But does this imply that such persons would have no occasion to feel in this way at all as regards the founders of the state? "Oh, no," you continue, "it is now their country, even if so only by adoption. In a certain sense, the founders of the state become their forefathers by adoption."

Yes, I think you are right in putting the point in that way. It is not merely a figure of speech. One's country is a real thing; and by becoming even the adopted citizen of such a country, one should acquire an attachment to the memory of the forefathers of this new land of their adoption,—for the one simple reason that *those forefathers were the founders of their country.*

Note to the teacher: Some little additional material could be inserted here in reference to what the American people had to undergo during the Revolutionary War. This point which we are making is abstract and yet very important. We wish to have the pupils feel the significance of national sacrifices. It is well that they should appreciate that the sacrifices made by our forefathers, or by the patriots in the Revolution, were in part also made by *ourselves*, because it was *our country itself* which had to suffer. Develop this as a sentiment even if it cannot be elaborated by a process of argument.

You have been telling me that loving one's country first suggests "being ready to die for one's country." What if, however, there were no more wars; what if there should be no danger from the attacks of other countries; what if we did not need to have soldiers or ever become soldiers ourselves; then would there be any other way of determining whether people really loved their country?

How could you tell, under those circumstances, whether a man really cared for his country and was a true patriot, or whether he was indifferent to its welfare.

"Why," you explain, "perhaps we should know by observing whether he did anything for his city or the community where he lived, or whether he just cared only for himself and his own family."

Suppose the case of a man who was very busy making money, acquiring wealth, and the citizens wanted him to go on a committee which was to do some work for the public good, or hold some office where there was no special honor but where there would be a great deal of work. Do you think the man would accept the office and do the work? "Not every man," you confess.

But would some men do it? "Yes, perhaps a few." What sort of men would they be? "Why, they would be men who cared for their country or loved their country."

Then you think that there is another way of showing a love for one's country besides being soldiers and risking one's life for it. What would be the term describing such a devotion to one's country of dying for one's country?

"Living for it?" Yes; that is it. When there is peace and no call for soldiers, a man can live for his country instead of dying for it.

And what would living for one's country really mean? Would you say that such a man should never care about his own family, nor about earning his own living, but should all the time be thinking of nothing else but his country?

"Oh, no," you assure me, "not quite that. If he did not earn his own living and take care of his family, he would not be a good citizen." Yes; that is true. He must live first for his family.

If you are very fond of a person, and were to say that you just lived for that person, would it imply that you would not care anything about yourself, never think about your health, or earning your living, but solely about that other person? "Oh, no," you reply, "not exactly that."

Then what *would* it mean? What, for example, would you be trying to do for such a person? "Why," you tell me, "we should be on the lookout for ways of helping him; or if he is in trouble, we should stand by him, being faithful to him when he needs us; all this, besides taking pleasure in his companionship."

Now cannot living for one's country imply the same thing? We may have to take care of ourselves, think about our health, look after our home, and earn our living. But besides this, we have our country to live for; there is also something we have to do for our country, a service we have to render for its sake.

What all this implies we shall talk about at a later time. Let us now just fix this one thought in mind,—loving one's country means living for one's country, as well as being ready to die for one's country.

Do you know the term we use sometimes in reference to patriotism or love of country as explaining our attitude here? When we point to the Stars and Stripes, to the flag of the United States, what do we say that we should be in regard to it? "Loyal?" That is the word: loyalty. It is a beautiful word and one that we should remember.

Being loyal to the Stars and Stripes, to the flag of our country, does not mean simply decorating the graves of the soldiers, or becoming soldiers ourselves; but also striving to help our country by our lives, in some form of public service. Note those words: *public service.* We shall see, by the way, that we may all have to render some public service for our country.

And is there anything else implied in love of country besides being ready to serve our country where such service is necessary?

What if a man were quite ready even to give up his own interests in order to do what is asked of him for the public good. Yet what if he knew nothing about the history of his country; what if he showed no care when the names of the great men who have lived or died for his country, are mentioned? What if he made no effort to know anything about such men; what if he had no feeling at all about the past history of his country?

Would you say that such a man really loved his country? "Yes," you insist, "at any rate he would show that he loved his country by the service he was willing to render for it."

But what if that person should assert that he is very fond of you, saying that when you are in trouble he would be willing to help you in any way? Yet if he took no interest in you otherwise; usually talked only about himself when he is with you; did not even care where you live, who your father and mother may be, what you have done yourself, or anything about you in that way, would you feel exactly as if he were very fond of you? "Not quite," you admit.

Why not? As you say, he may be willing to serve you in need in any way. "Oh, yes," you continue, "but we want the *feeling* too: and if he had the feeling he would be more interested in us personally, and in knowing about us and our life generally."

And may not this be equally true about patriotism? If we really care for our country, we ought to show it by wanting to know about its history, about its great men. Should we not be glad to display it, for instance, by commemorating the great events in its past history?

Love of country means, therefore, also being interested in its history, trying to know about its past, and liking to commemorate the great events in the history of one's country.

Do you really believe, however, that there are any

grown-up citizens of our land today who are not acquainted with its history? Do you suppose that any individual could be born here, grow up here, and not know, for example, about the Revolutionary War, or about the life of Washington, or of the great statesmen who have helped make our country what it has now become?

"It depends on the person?" In what way? "Oh, there are always dull people," you tell me, "who never seem to have any kind of valuable knowledge save about getting food and drink."

But is this dull person responsible for such ignorance, would you say? A man cannot really give himself a mind, if he has none, or add to the dimensions of his mind. If he is born dull, can he help himself?

"It may be worse than that," you continue, "he may be dull of heart; he may not really care." But if so, I ask, how could he help himself? If a man is born selfish or dull at heart, what is to be done about it?

"Why," you exclaim, "he can make himself care; he could study his country's history from a sense of duty as a citizen, even if it were not interesting at first." Yes; that is the great point and a very valuable one.

And would it be the same if a man by chance knew something about his country's history, by getting it at school, perhaps, and yet really knew nothing about the government as it is today? What if it should happen that he had no knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, of the way our government is carried on, of the kind of officers we have, of the laws by which our towns or cities carry on their work? How would this strike you? "Why, it would be stupid on his part," you assure me, "because it would be against his own interests."

But would it be anything more than stupidity? I keep asking. If a man found himself in that condition, would he have any occasion to feel ashamed of himself as a citizen?

"Yes," you assert, "because it would imply that he took no real interest in the country of which he was a citizen; that it was all the same to him whether he belonged to this land or any other land."

You are convinced, then, that a man who really loved his country would try to acquaint himself with its government, its constitution, and to be posted on its affairs.

How would it seem to you, for example, if you met a fellow citizen and he knew a great deal about the constitution or government or the affairs of one of the states of Europe, and gave a good deal of his time to keeping himself posted there, and yet was very ignorant about his own land on these points. Could this really happen?

"Yes, in exceptional cases," you admit. And how would it be possible? "Why," you explain, "such a man would be a freak; he would not be a true citizen at all; he could not possibly have an actual feeling of attachment to his own country."

In this connection, what would you say as to the three lines of verse which have come down to us from the poet, Walter Scott. I wish you would look at them for a moment.

Note to the Teacher: Place in each pupil's hand at this point a copy of the three lines of verse at the end of the lesson.

What do you call this? I wonder. "Poetry?" But take the three lines together as a whole. Is it a thought, an idea, a bit of philosophy, for example? "No," you add, "it is a sentiment, an expression of a feeling on the part of the poet."

But a sentiment or a feeling makes sense, does it not? How is it that a man could be regarded as "dead," merely because he has no attachment to his native land? "Why," you point out, "it is not the man himself who is dead, according to the language of the poet."

To whom or what, then, does the language apply? What is it that is dead and gone, apparently? "Why, the soul," you exclaim.

You mean, do you, that the soul in a sense could be dead, while the body is alive? "Yes," you hesitate. The entire soul of the man, do you mean? "No, not exactly that," you answer, "it suggests rather that such a man must be very much lacking in soul, or have lost some of the best part of his soul, if he has no love of country in his heart."

Yes, all that is true. A man who has no attachment either to his native land or the land of his adoption, is a man to be pitied, if not despised. It would seem to show that there was something wanting in him *as a man.*

> Lives there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself has said
> "This is my own, my native land!"

Classic for Recitation.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—The Gettysburg Address, Abraham Lincoln.

A Prayer.

> Thou knowest all, without, within.
> Each open fault and secret sin
> Is ever present to thy sight,
> Since in the darkness as the light
> The record of my inmost soul
> To thee is as an open scroll.
>
> Therefore I come and make no plea,
> But simply put my trust in thee,
> Knowing thy pitying love is strong
> Enough to pardon all my wrong,
> For thou art as a parent mild
> In mercy towards an erring child.
>
> I only ask thy hand to guide
> Thy gracious presence by my side;
> And so, in joy or woe, would still
> With strenuous purpose do thy will,
> My tasks perform, my burdens bear,
> And climbing duty's rugged stair
> Can see it ever grow more bright,
> And know it ends in perfect light.

Los Angeles, Cal. J. D. STEELE.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

A Request.

I should be greatly obliged if UNITY would allow me to call attention in its columns to the fact that the Library of the Harvard Divinity School has been trying, without success, to get number 10 of the "Unity Mission Tracts" and numbers 1, 15 and 21 of the "Short Tracts." Its set of these tracts is otherwise complete. Is it not possible that some of its readers who have copies on hand may be so kind as to favor the Library with one or more of these four missing numbers?

Very truly yours, WILLIAM C. LANE,
Librarian of Harvard University.

UNITARIAN EXTENSION.—The trustees of the Church Building Loan Fund at a recent meeting voted $5,000 to aid the building of a Unitarian church at Salt Lake City, and $4,000 for a similar purpose at Pueblo, Colo. These sums are to be repaid in ten annual installments, without interest.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE will hold its twentieth annual meeting at Atlantic City, September 21-24. Rev. S. R. Colthrop, of Syracuse, preaches the sermon. F. C. Southworth, president of the Meadville Theological school, will speak on the "Training of the Ministers." Prof. John M. Tyler, of Amherst, Mass., and Chas. W. Ames, of St. Paul, Minn., will speak on "The Ministers Needed." "The Minister and his Opportunity," will be further discussed by Rev. J. Edward Wright, of Montpelier, and others. Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, of Boston, will discuss "Congregationalism and Religious Development," and Henry M. Simmons, of St. Paul, "The Cosmic Roots of Religion." The headquarters of the Congress will be at the Hotel Rudolph. Special rates are arranged for on railroads and at hotels. Programs with full particulars can be obtained by addressing Christian Register office, 272 Congress street, Boston.

A WEDDING OF CHURCHES.—Christ Episcopal church and the Independent Church of Christ of Los Angeles, Cal., were recently formally united in the bonds of holy wedlock. The last named church on being deprived of the services of its pastor, the Rev. J. S. Thompson, once pastor of Unity church, Chicago, promptly yielded to the wooings of the Episcopal church first named, the pastor, Dr. George Thomas Dowling, being represented as a man of open sympathies, hospitable faith and inquiring mind. UNITY sends its congratulations to the happy pair and invokes the marriage benediction, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Foreign Notes.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.—*La Revue* makes a report by Count von Bülow to the German Imperial Health Office, the basis of an interesting article on the steps taken in Germany toward combating this disease. It says:

"In 1899—according to these statistics—there were in Germany 226,000 tuberculosis subjects absolutely incapable of any labor. From 1892 to 1900, there were 1,066,722 deaths from tuberculosis, or 118,525 per year.

"In France, Russia and Austria-Hungary, the situation is still worse, while in England, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium and Denmark it is better than in Germany. It is between the ages of fifteen and sixty that the ravages of tuberculosis are the greatest. Three hundred and sixteen deaths out of every 1,000 in Germany are caused by it.

"Tuberculosis is not hereditary. It is mainly transmitted by the breathing in of dust in suspension in the air which has come in contact with the excrementitious matter from a tuberculous subject. A single diseased person, in expectorating, may emit several thousand millions of bacilli per day. Exposed to sunlight these die within twenty-four hours, but they will live for several weeks in unexposed places.

"The remedies for the disease are: physical exercise, healthfulness of lodgings, a strict surveillance of workshops from the hygienic point of view, legal restriction of the hours of child-labor, but, above all, isolation of the tuberculous and their treatment in sanatoria.

"In October, 1902, there existed in Germany 57 public sanatoriums and 16 large private ones, containing a total of 7,000 beds, in which about 30,000 persons are treated annually; 10 more sanatoriums are nearing completion and 25 have just been begun. These results have been reached through private subscription and appropriations by different states and cities. Some employers have erected sanatoria for their employes.

"Something of the results obtained may be seen from the following figures: out of every 100 cases, an average of 67 leave the sanatorium able to resume their regular avocations, 7 are able to take up some other line of work, 14 are only able to work occasionally, and but 11 are absolutely incapables; 87 come out cured or at least benefited; 8 remain stationary, 3 leave with an aggravation of the disease and 5 per cent die in the homes for convalescence.

"From the standpoint of the wealth of the nation, it is estimated that success in prolonging for three years the working capacity of 9,000 patients, assures to the community, over and above the expense of treating 12,000, an annual profit of 7,500,000 marks, while in accomplishing this gain a large number of families are saved from distress.

"No work," says the report in conclusion, "is more humanitarian and more beneficial than the establishment of sanatoriums."

SUNDAY-REST AND RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—Such a headline as this would have been followed in the old days, and particularly in a religious paper, by an account of some wrecked Sunday excursion train, pointing a moral as to the evil of Sabbath-breaking and the direct judgment of God upon it. Such is not the spirit of the new times or the standpoint of the modern editor, who has a more logical way of estimating cause and effect. From the new standpoint it is interesting to note that Mr. Hivin, manager of the state railroads of Belgium, shows, in a recent study of this question, that since the suppression of the Sunday freight trains on his lines, there has been a reduction of 53 per cent in the number of accidents.

With the better rest on Sunday, another important factor is the greater sobriety. Mr. Van der Peerebaum, Belgium minister of railroads, has pointed out in the chamber that more than half the railroad accidents are due not to mere chance, inexperience or fatigue, but to alcoholism. Alcohol puts the brain into such a state of automatic action that it no longer has the rapid perception of dangers against which the employe should be on his guard.

These statements are published by way of suggestion and warning in the *Signal de Geneve*, as it seems that alcoholic drinks are still dispensed within the precincts of Swiss railroad stations. M. E. H.

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